Old English Drama

STUDENTS' FACSIMILE EDITION

THE

Maid's Metamorphosis

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Maid's Metamorphosis

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THE Maydes Metamorphosis.

As it hath bene sundrie times Acted by the Children of Powles.

LONDON

Printed by Thomas Creede, for Richard Oliue, dwelling in long Lane.

1600.

The Prologue.

THe manifold great fauours we haue found,
By you, to vs poore weaklings ſtill extended:
Whereof your vertues haue bene only ground,
And no deſert in vs to be ſo friended:
Bindes vs ſome way or other to expreſſe,
(Though all our all be elſe defeated quite
Of any meanes) ſaue duteous thankefulnes,
Which is the vtmoſt meaſure of our might:
Then to the boundleſſe Ocean of your woorth,
This little drop of water we preſent:
Where though it neuer can be ſingled foorth,
Let zeale be pleader for our good intent.
Drops not diminiſh, but encreaſe great floods:
And mites impaire not, but augment our goods.

BRITISH MUSEUM

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

Enter Phylander, Oreſtes, Eurymine.

Eurymine.

PHylander, and *Oreſtes*, what conceyt
Troubles your ſilent mindes? Let me intreat
Since we are come thus farre, as we do walke
You would deuiſe ſome prettie pleaſant talke:
The aire is coole, the euening high and faire,
Why ſhould your cloudie lookes, then ſhew diſpaire?
Phy. Beleeue me faire *Eurimine*, my skill
Is ſimple in diſcourſe, and vtterance ill:
Oreſtes if he were diſpoſde to trie,
Can better manage ſuch affaires than I.
Eu. Why then *Oreſtes* let me craue of you
Some olde, or late done ſtory to renew:
Another time you ſhall requeſt of me
As good, if not, a greater curteſie.
Or. Truſt me as now (nor can I ſhew a reaſon)
All mirth vnto my mind comes out of ſeaſon:
For inward I am troubled in ſuch ſort,
As all vnfit I am to make report
Of any thing may breed the leaſt delight,
Rather in teares, I wiſh the day were night:
For neither can my ſelfe be merry now,
Nor treat of ought that may be likte of you.

Eu. Thats but your melancholike old diſeaſe,
That neuer are diſpoſde but when ye pleaſe.
Ph. Nay miſtreſſe, then ſince he denies the taske
My ſelfe will ſtrait compliſh what ye aske:
And though the pleaſure in my tale be ſmall,
Yet may it ſerue to paſſe the time withall.
Eu. Thanks good *Phylander*, when you pleaſe ſay on,
Better I deeme a bad diſcourſe, then none.
Phy. Sometime there liu'd a Duke not far from hence,
Mightie in fame, and vertues excellence,
Subiects he had, as readie to obey
As he to rule: beloued euery way,
But that which moſt of all he gloried in,
(Hope of his age, and comfort of his kin,)
Was the fruition of one onely ſonne,
A gallant youth, inferior vnto none
For vertue, ſhape, or excellence of wit,
That after him vpon his throne might ſit.
This youth when once he came to perfect age,
The Duke would faine haue linckt in marriage
With diuers dames of honourable blood,
But ſtil his fathers purpoſe he withſtood.
Eu. How, was he not of mettal apt to loue?
Phy. Yes apt enough, as wil the ſequel proue.
But ſo the ſtreame of his affection lay,
As he did leane a quite contrary way,
Diſprouing ſtill the choyce his father made,
And oftentimes the matter had delaid:
Now giuing hope he would at length conſent,
And then again, excuſing his intent.
Eu. What made him ſo repugnant in his deeds?
Phy. Another loue, which this diſorder breeds:
For euen at home within his fathers Court
The Saint was ſhrinde, whom he did honor moſt:
A louely dame, a virgin pure and chaſte,
And worthy of a Prince to be imbrac'te.

Had

Had but her birth (which was obſcure they ſaid)
Anſwerd her beautie, this their opinion ſtaid.
Yet did this wilful youth affect her ſtill,
And none but ſhe was miſtres of his will.
Full often did his father him diſſwade,
From liking ſuch a mean and low borne mayde.
The more his father ſtroue to change his minde,
The more the ſonne became with fancy blinde.
Eu. Alas, how ſped the ſilly Louers then?
Phy. As might euen grieue the rude vnciuel'ſt men.
When herevpon to weane his fixed heart
From ſuch diſhonour, to his high deſert,
The Duke had labourd, but in vaine did ſtriue,
Thus he began his purpoſe to contriue:
Two of his ſeruants of vndoubted troth,
He bound by vertue of a ſolemne oath,
To traine the ſilly damzel out of ſight,
And there in ſecret to bereaue her quite
Eu. Of what, her life?
Phy. Yes Madame of her life,
Which was the cauſe of all the former ſtrife.
Eu. And did they kill her?
Phy. You ſhall heare anon:
The queſtion firſt muſt be diſcided on
In your opinion, whats your iudgement? ſay,
Who were moſt cruell: thoſe that did obay,
Or he that gaue commandment for the fact?
Eu. In each of them it was a bloody act:
Yet they deſerue (to ſpeake my mind of both)
Moſt pardon, that were bound thereto by oath.
Phy. It is enough, we do accept your doome,
To paſſe vnblam'd, what ere of you become.
Eu. To paſſe vnblamde, what ere become of me?
What may the meaning of theſe ſpeeches be?
Phy. Eurymine, my trembling tongue doth faile,
My conſcience yrkes, my fainting ſences quaile:

My faltring ſpeech bewraies my guiltie thought,
And ſtammers at the meſſage we haue brought.
Eu. Ay me, what horror doth inuade my breſt?
Or. Nay then *Phylander* I will tell the reſt.
Damzell thus fares thy caſe, demand not why,
You muſt forthwith prepare your ſelfe to dye.
Therefore diſpatch, and ſet your mind at reſt.
Eu. Phylander is it true? or doth he ieſt?
Phy. There is no remedie but you muſt dye:
By you I framde my tragicke hiſtory.
The Duke my maiſter, is the man I meant,
His ſonne, the Prince, the mayd of meane diſcent
Your ſelfe, on whom *Aſcanio* ſo doth doate,
As for no reaſon may remoue his thought:
Your death the Duke determines by vs two,
To end the loue betwixt his ſonne and you:
And for that cauſe we trainde you to this wood,
Where you muſt ſacrifice your deareſt blood.
Eur. Reſpect my teares.
Oreſt. We muſt regard our oath.
Eur. My tender yeares.
Or. They are but trifles both.
Eu. Mine innocency.
Or. That would our promiſe breake,
Diſpatch forthwith, we may not heare you ſpeake.
Eu. If neither teares nor innocency moue,
Yet thinke there is a heauenly power aboue.
Oreſt. Adone, and ſtand not preaching here all day.
Eu. Then ſince there is no remedie, I pray
Yet good my maiſters, do but ſtay ſo long
Till I haue tane my farewell with a ſong,
Of him whom I ſhall neuer ſee againe.
Phy. We will affoord that reſpit to your paine.
Eu. But leaſt the feare of death appall my mind,
Sweet gentlemen let me this fauour find.
That you wil vale mine eye-ſight with this ſcarfe:

That

That when the fatall ſtroke is aymde at me,
I may not ſtart, but ſuffer patiently.
Oreſt. Agreed, giue me, Ile ſhadow ye from feare,
If this may do it.
Eu. Oh I would it might,
But ſhadowes want the power to do that right.

Shee ſings.

Ye ſacred Fyres, and powers aboue,
Forge of deſires working loue,
Caſt downe your eye, caſt downe your eye
Vpon a Mayde in miſerie.
My ſacrifice is louers blood:
And from eyes ſalt teares a flood:
All which I ſpend, all which I ſpend
For thee *Aſcanio*, my deare friend:
And though this houre I muſt feele
The bitter ſower of pricking ſteele,
Yet ill or well, yet ill or well
To thee *Aſcanio* ſtill farewell.

Oreſtes offers to ſtrike her with his Rapier, and is ſtayed by Phylander.

Oreſt. What meanes *Phylander?*
Phy. Oh forbeare thy ſtroke,
Her pitious mone and geſture might prouoke
Hard flints to ruthe.
Oreſt. Haſt thou forgot thy oath?
Phy. Forgot it? no.
Or. Then wherfore doeſt thou interrupt me ſo?
Phy. A ſudden terror ouercomes my thought.
Or. Thē ſuffer me, that ſtands in fear of nought.
Phy. Oh hold *Oreſtes*, heare my reaſon firſt.
Or. Is all religion of thy vowe forgot?
Do as thou wilt, but I forget it not.

Phy.

Phy. Oreſtes, if thou ſtandſt vpon thine oath,
Let me alone, to anſwere for vs both.
Or. What anſwer canſt thou giue? I wil not ſtay.
Phy. Nay villain, then my ſword ſhall make me way.
Or. Wilt thou in this, againſt thy conſcience ſtriue?
Phy. I will defend a woman while I liue.
A virgin, and an innocent beſide,
Therefore put vp, or elſe thy chaunce abide.
Or. Ile neuer ſheath my ſword, vnles thou ſhow,
Our oath reſerued, we may let her go.
Phy. That will I do, if truth may be of force.
Or. And then wil I be pleaſd to graunt remorſe.
Eu. Litle thought & when out of doore I went,
That thus my life ſhould ſtand on argument.
Phy. A lawfull oath in an vnlawfull cauſe,
Is firſt diſpenc't withall, by reaſons lawes:
Then next, reſpect muſt to the end be had,
Becauſe th'intent, doth make it good or bad.
Now here th'intent is murder as thou ſeeſt,
Which to performe; thou on thy oath relieſt:
But ſince the cauſe is wicked and vniuſt,
Th'effect muſt likewiſe be held odious.
We ſwore to kill, and God forbids to kill:
Shall we be rulde by him, or by mans will?
Beſide it is a woman is condemde:
And what is he that is a man indeed,
That can endure to ſee a woman bleed?
Or. Thou haſt preuaild, *Eurymine* ſtand vp,
I will not touch thee for a world of gold.
Phy. Why now thou ſeemſt to be of humane mould,
But on our graunt faire mayd that you ſhall liue,
Will you to vs your faithfull promiſe giue,
Henceforth t'abandon this your Country quite,
And neuer more returne into the ſight
Of fierce *Telemachus*, the angry Duke,
Whereby we may be voyd of all rebuke?

Eur.

Eur. Here do I plight my chaſte vnſpotted hand,
I will abiure this moſt accurſed land:
And vow henceforth what fortune ere betide,
Within theſe woods and deſarts to abide.
Phy. Now wants there nothing, but a fit excuſe,
To ſooth the Duke, in his conceiu'd abuſe:
That he may be perſwaded ſhe is ſlaine,
And we our wonted fauour ſtill maintaine.
Oreſt. It ſhall be thus, within a Lawne hard by,
Obſcure with buſhes, where no humane eye,
Can any way diſcouer our deceite:
There feeds a heard of Goates, and country neate.
Some Kidde, or other youngling, will we take,
And with our ſwords diſpatch it for her ſake.
And hauing ſlaine it, rip his panting breaſt,
And take the heart of the vnguiltie beaſt:
Which to th'intent, our counterfeit report
May ſeeme more likely, we will beare to court:
And there proteſt with bloody weapons drawne,
It was her heart.
Phy. Then likewiſe take this Lawne,
Which well *Telemachus* did know ſhe wore:
And let it be all ſpotted too with gore.
How ſay you miſtreſſe, will you ſpare that vale?
Eur. That or what elſe, to verifie your tale:
And thankes *Phylander*, and *Oreſtes* both,
That you preſerue me from a Tyrants wroth.
Phy. I would it were within my power, I wis,
To do you greater curteſie then this:
But what we cannot by our deeds expreſſe
In heart we wiſh to eaſe your heauineſſe.
Eur. A double debt, yet one word ere ye go,
Commmend me to my deare *Aſcanio:*
Whoſe loyall loue, and preſence to forgoe,
Doth gall me more then all my other woe.
Oreſt. Our liues ſhall neuer want to do him good.

Phy. Nor yet our death, if he in daunger ſtood:
And miſtreſſe, ſo good fortune be your guide.
Or. And ought that may be fortunate beſide.

(Exeunt.

Eu. The like I wiſh vnto your ſelues againe:
And many happie dayes deuoyd of paine.
And now *Eurymine* record thy ſtate,
So much deiected, and oppreſt by fate:
What hope remaines? wherein haſt thou to ioy?
Wherein to tryumph, but thine owne annoy?
If euer wretch might tell of miſerie,
Then I alas, poore I, am only ſhe:
Vnknowne of parents, deſtitute of friends,
Hopefull of nought, but what misfortune ſends.
Baniſht, to liue a fugitiue alone,
In vncoth paths, and regions neuer knowne.
Behold *Aſcanio*, for thy only ſake,
Theſe tedious trauels I muſt vndertake:
Nor do I grudge, the paine ſeemes leſſe to mee,
In that I ſuffer this diſtreſſe for thee.

Enter Siuio, a Raunger.

Sil. Wel met fair Nymph, or Goddeſſe if ye bee.
Tis ſtraunge me thinkes, that one of your degree
Should walke theſe ſolitary groues alone.
Eu. It were no maruell if you knew my mone.
But what are you that queſtion me ſo far?
Sil. My habit telles you that, a Forreſter:
That hauing loſt a heard of skittiſh Deere,
Was of good hope, I ſhould a found them heere.
Eu. Truſt me, I ſaw not any, ſo farewell.
Sil. Nay ſtay: and further of your fortunes tell:
I am not one that meanes you any harme.

Enter Gemulo the ſhepheard.

Ge. I thinke my Boy be fled away by charme.
Raunger well met: within thy walke I pray,
Sawſt thou not *Moyſo*, my vnhappie Boy?

Sil. Shepheard not I, what meanſt to ſeeke him here?
Ge. Becauſe the wagge, poſſeſt with doubtfull feare,
Leaſt I would beate him for a fault he did:
Amongſt thoſe Trees, I do ſuſpect hees hid.
But how now Raunger? you miſtake I trowe,
This is a Lady, and no barren Dowe.
Sil. It is indeede, and as it ſeemes, diſtreſt,
Whoſe griefe to know, I humbly made requeſt:
But ſhe as yet will not reueale the ſame.
Ge. Perhaps to me ſhe will: ſpeak gentle dame?
What daunger great hath driuen ye to this place?
Make knowne your ſtate, and looke what ſlender grace,
A Shepheards poore abilitie may yeeld,
You ſhall be ſure of, ere I leaue the feeld.
Eur. Alas good Sir, the cauſe may not be knowne,
That hath inforſte me to be here alone.
Sil. Nay feare not to diſcouer what you are:
It may be we may remedie yout care.
Eu. Since needs you will, that I renew my griefe,
Whether it be my chance to finde reliefe
Or not, I wreake not: ſuch my croſſes are,
As ſooner *I* expect to meete diſpaire.
Then thus it is: not farre from hence do dwell
My parents, of the world eſteemed well:
Who with their bitter threats, my graũt had won,
This day to marrie with a neighbours ſon.
And ſuch a one, to whom I ſhould be wife,
As *I* could neuer fancie in my life.
And therefore to auoyd that endleſſe thrall,
This morne I came away and left them all.
Sil. Now truſt me virgin, they were much vnkind,
To ſeeke to match you ſo againſt your minde.
Ge. It was beſide, vnnaturall conſtraint:
But by the tenure of your iuſt complaint,
It ſeemes you are not minded to returne,
Nor any more to dwell where you were borne.

Eu. It is my purpose, if I might obtaine
A place of refuge where I might remaine.
Sil. Why go with me, my Lodge is not far off,
Where you shall haue such hospitalitie
As shall be for your health and safetie.
Ge. Soft Raunger, you do raunge beyond your skill,
My house is nearer: and for my good will,
It shall exceed a woodmans woodden stuffe:
Then go with me, Ile keep you safe enough.
Sil. Ile bring her to a bower beset with greene.
Ge. And I an arbour, may delight a Queene.
Sil. Her dyet shalbe Venson at my boord.
Ge. Yong Kid and Lambe, we shepheards can affoord.
Sil. And nothing else?
Ge. Yes, raunging now and then,
A Hog, a Goose, a Capon, or a Hen.
Sil. These walkes are mine, amongst the shadie (trees.
Ge. For that I haue, a garden full of Bees,
Whose buzing musick with the flowers sweet,
Each euen and morning, shall her sences greet.
Sil. The Nightingale is my continuall clocke.
Ge. And mine the watchfull, sin-remembring cocke.
Sil. A hunts vp, I can tune her with my hounds.
Ge. And I can shew her meads, and fruitfull grounds.
Sil. Within these woods are many pleasant springs.
Ge. Betwixt yond dales, the Eccho daily sings.
Sil. I maruell that a rusticke shepheard dare
With woodmen then audaciously compare?
Why, hunting is a pleasure for a King,
And Gods themselues sometime frequent the thing.
Diana with her bowe and arrowes keene,
Did often vse the Chace, in Forrests greene.
And so alas, the good Athenian knight,
And swift *Acteon* herein tooke delight:
And *Atalanta* the Arcadian dame,
Conceiu'd such wondrous pleasure in the game:

That with her traine of Nymphs attending on,
She came to hunt the Bore of *Calydon.*
Ge. So did *Apollo* walk with ſhepheards crooke,
And many Kings their ſcepters haue forſooke
To lead the quiet life we ſhepheards tooke.
Accounting it a refuge for their woe.
Sil. But we take choice of many a pleaſant walke
And marke the Deare how they begin to ſtalke,
When each according to his age and time,
Pricks vp his head, and beares a Princely minde:
The luſtie Stag conductor of the traine,
Leads all the heard in order downe the plaine:
The baſer raſcalls ſcatter here and there,
As not preſuming to approach ſo neere.
Ge. So ſhepheards ſomtime ſit vpon a hill,
Or in the cooling ſhadow of a mill:
And as we ſit, vnto our pipes we ſing,
And therewith make the neighboring groues to ring.
And when the ſun ſteales downward to the weſt,
We leaue our chat, and whiſtle in the fiſt:
Which is a ſignall to our ſtragling flocke,
As Trumpets ſound to men in martiall ſhocke.
Sil. Shall I be thus out-faced by a ſwaine?
Ile haue a guard to wayt vpon her traine,
Of gallant woodmen, clad in comely greene:
The like whereof, hath ſildome yet bene ſeene.
Ge. And I of ſhepheards ſuch a luſtie crew,
As neuer Forreſter the like yet knew:
Who for their perſons and their neate aray,
Shalbe as freſh, as is the moneth of May.
Where are ye there, ye merry noted ſwaines?
Draw neare a while, and whilſt vpon the plaines
Your flocks do gently feed, lets ſee your skill,
How you with chaunting, can ſad ſorrow kill.

Enter ſhepheards ſinging.

Sil. Thinks *Gemulo* to beare the bell away?

By ſinging of a ſimple Rundelay?
No, *I* haue fellowes, whoſe melodious throates
Shall euen as far exceed thoſe homely notes
As doth the Nightingale in muſicke paſſe,
The moſt melodious bird that euer was.
And for an inſtance, here they are at hand,
When they haue done, let our deſerts be ſcand.

Enter wood-men, and ſing.

Eu. Thanks to you both, you both deſerue ſo well,
As I want skill your worthineſſe to tell:
And both I do commend for your good will,
And both Ile honor, loue and reuerence ſtill:
For neuer virgin had ſuch kindnes ſhowne,
Of ſtraungers, yea, and men to her vnknowne.
But more, to end this ſudden controuerſie,
Since I am made an vmpier in the plea,
This is my verdite: Ile intreate of you
A Cottage for my dwelling: and of you,
A flocke to tend: and ſo indifferent
My gratefull paines on either ſhalbe ſpent.

Sil. I am agreed, and for the loue I beare
Ile boaſt, I haue a Tenant is ſo faire.

Ge. And I wil hold it as a rich poſſeſſion,
That ſhe vouchſafes to be of my profeſſion.

Sil. Thē for a ſign that no man here hath wrong
From hence lets all conduct her with a ſong.

The end of the firſt Act.

Actus ſecundus.

Enter Aſcanio, and Ioculo his Page.

Aſca. Away *Ioculo.*
Io. Here ſir, at hand.
Aſca. Ioculo, where is ſhe?
Io. I know not.
Aſca. When went ſhe?

Ioculo.

Io. I know not.
Asca. Which way went she?
Io. I know not.
Asca. Where should I seeke her?
Io. I know not.
Asca. When shall I find her?
Io. I know not.
Asca. A vengeance take thee slaue, what dost thou know?
Io. Marry sir, that I doo know.
Asca. What villaine?
Io. And you be so testie, go looke:
What a coyles here with you?
If we knew where she were, what need we seeke her?
I thinke you are lunaticke: where were you
When you should haue lookt after her? now you
Go crying vp and downe after your wench, like
A Boy had lost his horne booke.
Asca. Ah my sweet Boy.
Io. Ah my sweet Maister: nay I can giue you as good
Words as you can giue me: alls one for that.
Asca. What canst thou giue me no reliefe?
Io. Faith sir, there comes not one morsel of comfort
From my lips, to sustaine that hungry mawe
Of your miserie, there is such a dearth at this time,
God amend it.
Asca. A *Ioculo*, my breast is full of griefe,
And yet my hope, that only wants reliefe.
Io. Your brest and my belly, are in two contrary kaies,
You walke to get stomacke to your meate,
And I walke to get meate to my stomacke:
Your breast's full, and my belli's emptie.
If they chance to part in this case, God send them
Merry meeting: that my belly be ful, and your brest empty.
Asca. Boy, for the loue that euer thou didst owe,
To thy deare master, poore *Ascanio*,
Racke thy proou'd wits, vnto the highest straine,
To bring me backe *Eurymine* againe. *Ioculo.*

Io. Nay maſter, if wit could do it, I could tell you
More: but if it euer be done, the very legeritie
Of the feete muſt do it: theſe ten nimble bones
Muſt do the deed: Ile trot like a little dog:
Theres not a buſh ſo big as my beard,
But Ile be peeping in it: theres not a Coate but
Ile ſearch euery corner: if ſhe be aboue, or
Beneath, ouer the ground, or vnder, Ile finde her out.

Aſca. Stay *Ioculo*: alas it cannot be:
If we ſhould part, I looſe both her and thee:
The woods are wide: and wandring thus about,
Thou maiſt be loſt: and not my Loue found out.

Io. I pray you let me goe.

Aſca. I pray thee ſtay.

Io. Ifaith ile runne.

Aſca. And doeſt not know which way.

Io. Any way: alls one, ile drawe drie foote:
If you ſend not to ſeeke her, you may lye
Here long enough, before ſhe come to ſeeke you:
She litle thinkes that you are hunting for her
In theſe quarters.

Aſca. Ah *Ioculo*, before I leaue my Boy,
Of this worlds comfort, now my only ioy:
Seeſt thou this place? vpon this graſſie bed,
With ſommers gawdie dyaper beſpred.

He ſyes downe.

Vnder theſe ſhadowes ſhall my dwelling be:
Till thou returne, ſweet *Ioculo* to me.

Io. And if my Conuoy be not cut off by the way,
It ſhall not be long before I be with you.

He ſpeakes to the people.

Well, I pray you looke to my maiſter: for
Here *I* leaue him amongſt you: and if *I*
Chaunce to light on the wench, you ſhall heare
Of me by the next winde.

Exit Ioculo, Aſcanio ſolus.

Aſcanio.

Aſca. In vaine I feare, I beate my braines about,
Prooning by ſearch, to finde my miſtreſſe out:
Eurymine, Eurymine, retorne:
And with thy preſence guild the beautious morne:
And yet I feare to call vpon thy name,
The pratling Eccho, ſhould ſhe learne the ſame,
The laſt words accent ſhoele no more prolong,
But beare that ſound vpon her airie tong.
Adorned with the preſence of my Loue,
The woods I feare, ſuch ſecret power ſhal proue
As they'll ſhut vp each path: hide euery way,
Becauſe they ſtill would haue her go aſtray:
And in that place would alwaies haue her ſeene,
Only becauſe they would be euer greene:
And keepe the wingged Quiriſters ſtill there,
To baniſh winter cleane out of the yeare.
But why perſiſt I to bemone my ſtate,
When ſhe is gone, and my complaint too late?
A drowſie dulnes cloſeth vp my ſight,
O powerfull ſleepe, I yeeld vnto thy might.
He falles a ſleepe.

Enter Iuno, and Iris.

Iuno. Come hither *Iris.*
Iris. *Iris* is at hand,
To attend *Ioues* wife: great *Iunos* hie command.
Iuno. *Iris* I know I do thy ſeruice proue,
And euer ſince I was the wife of *Ioue*
Thou haſt bene readie when I called ſtill,
And alwaves moſt obedient to my will:
Thou ſeeſt how that imperiall Queene of loue,
With all the Gods, how ſhe preuailes aboue,
And ſtill againſt great *Iunos* heſts doth ſtand,
To haue all ſtoupe and bowe, at her command:
Her Doues and Swannes, and Sparrowes, muſt be graced,
And on Loues Aultars, muſt be highly placed.

My ſtarry Peacocks, which doth beare my ſtate:
Scarcelly alowed within his pallace gate:
And ſince her ſelfe, ſhe thus preferd doth ſee,
Now the proud huſwife will contend with mee:
And practiſeth her wanton prancks to play
With this *Aſcanio*, and *Eurymine*.
But Loue ſhall know, in ſpight of all his skill,
Iuno's a woman, and will haue her will.
Iris. What is my Goddeſſe will? may *Iris* aske?
Iuno. *Iris*, on thee *I* do impoſe this taske,
To croſſe proud *Venus*, and her purblind Lad,
Vntill the mother, and her brat be mad,
And with each other, ſet them ſo at ods,
Till to their teeth they curſe, and ban the Gods.
Iris. Goddes, the graunt conſiſts alone in you,
Iuno. Then mark the courſe which now you muſt purſue.
Within this ore-growne Forreſt, there is found
A duskie Caue, thruſt lowe into the ground:
So vgly darke, ſo dampie and ſteepe,
As for his life the ſunne durſt neuer peepe
Into the entrance: which doth ſo affright
The very day, that halfe the world is night.
Where fenniſh fogges, and vapours do abound:
There *Morpheus* doth dwell within the ground,
No crowing Cocke, nor waking bell doth call,
Nor watchfull dogge diſturbeth ſleepe at all.
No ſound is heard in compaſſe of the hill,
But euery thing is quiet, whiſht, and ſtill.
Amid this Caue, vpon the ground doth lie,
A hollow plancher, all of Ebonie
Couer'd with blacke, whereon the drowſie God,
Drowned in ſleepe, continually doth nod:
Go *Iris* go, and my commaundment take,
And beate againſt the doores till ſleepe awake,
Bid him from me, in viſion to appeare,
Vnto *Aſcanio* that lieth ſlumbring heare.
And in that viſion, to reueale the way,

How

How he may finde the faire *Eurymine.*

Iris. Madam, my ſeruice is at your command,
Iuno. Diſpatch it then, good *Iris* out of hand.
My Peacocks and my Charriot ſhall remaine,
About the ſhore, till thou returne againe. *Exit Iuno.*
Iris. About the buſineſſe now that *I* am ſent,
To ſleepes blacke Caue, *I* will incontinent:
And his darke cabine, boldly will *I* ſhake,
Vntill the drowſie lumpiſh God awake:
And ſuch a bounſing at his Caue Ile keepe,
That if pale death, ſeaz'd on the eyes of ſleepe,
Ile rowſe him vp, that when he ſhall me heare,
Ile make his locks ſtand vp on end with feare.
Be ſilent aire, whil'ſt *Iris* in her pride
Swifter then thought, vpon the windes doth ride.
What *Somnus*, what *Somnus, Somnus.* *Strikes.*
Pauſes a litle.
What wilt thou not awake? art thou ſtill ſo faſt?
Nay then yfaith, Ile haue an other caſt.
What *Somnus Somnus I* ſay?
Strikes againe.
Som. Who calles at this time of the day?
What a balling doſt thou keepe?
A vengeance take thee, let me ſleepe,
Iris. Vp thou drowſie God, *I* ſay,
And come preſently away,
Or *I* will beate vpon this doore,
That after this, thou ſleep'ſt no more.
Som. Ile take a nap, and come annon.
Iris. Out you beaſt, you blocke, you ſtone:
Come, or at thy doore *I*le thunder,
Til both heauen and hel do wonder, *Somnus I* ſay.
Som. A vengeance ſplit thy chaps aſunder.
Iris. What *Somnus*? *Enter Somnus.*
Som. *Iris I* thought it ſhould be thee.
How now mad wench, what wouldſt with me?

Iris. From mightie *Iuno*, *Ioues* immortall wife,
Somnus I come: to charge thee on thy life,
That thou vnto this Gentleman appeere,
And in this place, thus as he lyeth heere,
Present his mistres to his inward eies,
In as true manner, as thou canst deuise.

Som. I would thou wert hangd for waking me.
Three sonnes I haue, the eldest *Morpheus* highte
He shewes of man, the shape or sight.
The second *Icelor*, whose beheasts
Doth shewe the formes of birds and beasts.
Phantasor for the third, things lifeles hee:
Chuse which like thee of these three.

Iris. *Morpheus*: if he in humane shape appeare.

Som. *Morpheus* come forth in perfect likenes heere,
Of, how call ye the Gentlewoman?

Iris. *Eurymine.*

Som. Of *Eurymine*: and shewe this Gentleman,
What of his mistres is become.

Kneeling downe by Ascanio.

Enter Eurymine, to be supposed Morpheus.

Mor. My deare *Ascanio*, in this vision see,
Eurymine doth thus appeare to thee:
As soone as sleepe hath left thy drowsie eies,
Follow the path that on thy right hand lies,
An aged Hermit thou by chaunce shalt find,
That there hath bene, time almost out of mind:
This holy man, this aged reuerent Father,
There in the woods, doth roote: and simples gather:
His wrinckled browe, tells strengths past long ago:
His beard as white, as winters driuen snow.
He shall discourse the troubles I haue past,
And bring vs both togither at the last.
Thus she presents her shadow to thy sight,
That would her person gladly if she might.

Iris. See

Iris. See how he catches to imbrace the ſhade.
Mor. This viſion fully doth his powers inuade.
And when the heate ſhall but a litle ſlake:
Thou then ſhalt ſee him preſently awake.
Som. Haſt thou ought elſe, that I may ſtand in ſted?
Iris. No *Somnus*, no: go back vnto thy bed:
Iuno ſhe ſhall reward thee for thy paine.
Som. Then good night *Iris*, Ile to reſt againe.
Iris. *Morpheus* farwell: to *Iuno* I will flie.
Mor. And *I* to ſleepe, as faſt as *I* can hie. *Exeunt.*

Aſcanio ſtarting, ſayes.

Eurymine: Ah my good Angell ſtay:
O vaniſh not ſo ſuddenly away.
O ſtay my Goddes, whither doeſt thou flie?
Returne my ſweet *Eurymine*, tis *I*.
Where art thou ſpeake? Let me behold thy face:
Did *I* not ſee thee, in this very place
Euen now? Here did *I* not ſee thee ſtand?
And here thy feete did bleſſe the happie land?
Eurymine: Oh wilt thou not attend?
Flie from thy foe: *Aſcanio* is thy friend.
The fearfull Hare, ſo ſhuns the labouring hound,
And ſo the Dear eſchues the Hunts-man wound.
The trembling Foule, ſo flies the Falcons gripe:
The Bond-man, ſo, his angry maiſters ſtripe.
I follow not, as *Phœbus Daphne* did:
Nor as the Dog purſues the trembling Kid.
Thy ſhape it was: alas *I* ſawe not thee:
That ſight were fitter for the Gods then mee.
But if in dreames, there any truth be found,
Thou art within the compas of this ground.
Ile raunge the woods, and all the groues abour,
And neuer reſt, vntill *I* find thee out. *Exit*

Enter at one doore, Mopſo ſinging.

Mop. Terlitelo, Terlitelo, terlitelee, terlo,

So merrily this shepheards Boy
His horne that he can blow,
Early in a morning, late, late, in an euening,
And euer sat this little Boy,
So merrily piping.

Enter at the other doore, Frisco singing.

Fris. Can you blow the little horne?
Weell, weell, and very weell.
And can you blow the little horne,
Amongst the leaues greene?

Enter Ioculo in the midst singing.

Io. Fortune my foe, why doest thou frowne on mee?
And will my fortune neuer better beet
Wilt thou I say, for euer breed my paine?
And wilt thou not restore my Ioyes againe?

Frisco. Cannot a man be merry in his owne walke,
But a must be thus encombred?

Io. I am disposed to be melancholly,
And I cannot be priuate, for one villaine or other.

Mop. How the diuel stumbled this case of rope-ripes into my way?

Fris. Sirrha, what art thou? and thou?

Io. I am Page to a Courtier.

Mop. And I a Boy to a Shepheard.

Fris. Thou art the Apple-squier to an Eawe,
And thou sworne brother to a bale of false dice.

Io. What art thou?

Fris. I am a Boy to a Raunger.

Io. An Out-lawe by authoritie: one that neuer sets marke of his own goods, nor neuer knowes how he comes by other mens.

Mop. That neuer knowes his cattell, but by their hornes.

Fris. Sirrha, so you might haue said of your masters sheep.

Io. I marry: this takes fier like touch powder,
And goes off with a huffe.

Fris. They come of crick-cracks, and shake their tayles like a squib.

Ioculo.

Io. Ha you Rogues, the very ſteele of my wit, ſhall ſtrike fier from the flint of your vnderſtandings : haue you not heard of me?

Mop. Yes, if you be that *Io culo* that I take you for, we haue heard of your exployts, for coſoning of ſome ſeuen, and thirtie Alewiues, in the Villages here about.

Io. A wit, as nimble as a Sempſters needle, or a girles finger at her Buske poynt.

Mop. Your ieſt goes too low ſir.

Friſ. O but tis a tickling ieſt.

Io. Who wold haue thought to haue found this in a plaine villaine, that neuer woare better garment, then a green Ierkin?

Friſco. O Sir, though you Courtiers haue all the honour, You haue not all the wit.

Mop. Soft ſir, tis not your witte can carry it away in this company.

Io. Sweet Rogues, your companie to me, is like muſick to a wench at midnight: when ſhe lies alone, and could wiſh, yea marry could ſhe.

Friſ. And thou art as welcom to me, as a new poking ſtick to a Chamber mayd.

Mop. But ſoft, who comes here?

Enter the Faieries, ſinging and dauncing.

By the Moone we ſport and play,
With the night begins our day:
As we daunce the deaw doth fall,
Trip it little vrchins all:
Lightly as the little Bee,
Two by two, and three by three:
And about go we, and about go wee.

Io. What Mawmets are theſe?

Friſ. O they be the Fayries that haunt theſe woods.

Mop. O we ſhall be pincht moſt cruelly.

1 *Fay.* Will you haue any muſick Sir?

2 *Fayrie.*

2 *Fay.* Will you haue any fine muſicke?
3 *Fay.* Moſt daintie muſicke?
Mop. We muſt ſet a face on't now, theres no flying.
No Sir: we are very merry I thanke you.
1 *Fay.* O but you ſhall Sir.
Friſ. No, I pray you ſaue your labour.
2 *Fay.* O Sir, it ſhall not coſt you a penny.
Io. Where be your Fiddles?
3 *Fay.* You ſhall haue moſt daintie Inſtruments Sir.
Mop. I pray you, what might I call you?
1 *Fay.* My name is *Penny.*
Mop. I am ſory I cannot purſe you.
Friſ. I pray you ſir, what might I call you?
2 *Fay.* My name is *Cricket.*
Friſ. I would I were a Chimney for your ſake.
Io. I pray you, you prettie litle fellow, whats your name?
3 *Fay.* My name is litttle, little *Pricke.*
Io. Little, little *Pricke*? ô you are a daungerous Fayrie,
And fright all the little wenches in the Country,
Out of their beds.
I care not whoſe hand I were in, ſo I were out of yours.
1 *Fay.* I do come about the coppes,
Leaping vpon flowers toppes:
Then I get vpon a flie,
Shee carries me aboue the skie:
And trip and goe.
2 *Fay.* When a deawe drop falleth downe,
And doth light vpon my crowne,
Then I ſhake my head and skip:
And about I trip.
3 *Fay.* When I feele a gyrle a ſleepe,
Vnderneath her frock I peepe.
There to ſport, and there I play,
Then I byte her like a flea:
And about I skip.
Io. I, I thought where I ſhould haue you.

1 *Fay.* Wilt pleaſe you daunce ſir?
Io. Indeed ſir, I cannot handle my legges.
2 *Fay.* O you muſt needs daunce and ſing:
Which if you refuſe to doo,
We will pinch you blacke and blew.
And about we goe.

They all daunce in a Ring, and ſing as followeth.

Round about, round about, in a fine Ring a:
Thus we daunce, thus we daunce, and thus we ſing a.
Trip and go, too and fro, ouer this Greene a:
All about, in and out, for our braue Queene a.

Round about, round about, in a fine Ring a:
Thus we daunce, thus we daunce, and thus we ſing a.
Trip and go, too and fro, ouer this Greene a:
All about, in and out, for our braue Queene a.

We haue daunc't round about, in a fine Ring a:
We haue daunc't luſtily, and thus we ſing a.
All about, in and out, ouer this Greene a:
Too and fro, trip and go, to our braue Queene a.

Actus tertius.

Scena. 1.

Enter Appollo, *and three Charites.*

1. *Cha.* No no great *Phœbus*, this your ſilence tends.
To hide your griefe from knowledge of your friends,
Who if they knew the cauſe in each reſpect,
Would ſhewe their vtmoſt skill to cure th'effect.
Ap. Good Ladyes, your conceites in iudgement erre,
Becauſe you ſee me dumpiſh, you referre
The reaſon to ſome ſecret griefe of mine:
But you haue ſeene me melancholy many a time,

Perhaps it is the glowing weather now,
That makes me seeme so ill at ease to you.
1 Fine shifts to colour that you cannot hide,
No *Phœbus*, by your lookes may be discride
Some hid conceit that harbors in your thought,
Which hath therein, some straunge impression wrought:
That by the course thereof, you seeme to mee,
An other man then you were wont to bee.
Ap. No Ladies, you deceiue your selues in mee:
What likelihood or token do ye see,
That may perswade it true that you suppose?
2 *Appollo*, hence a great suspition growes,
Yeare not so pleasaunt now, as earst in companie,
Ye walke alone, and wander solitarie.
The pleasaunt toyes we did frequent sometime,
Are worne away, and growne out of prime.
Your Instrument hath lost his siluer sound,
That rang of late, through all this grouie ground.
Your bowe wherwith the chace you did frequent,
Is closde in case, and long hath bene vnbent.
How differ you from that *Appollo* now,
That whilom sat in shade of Lawrell bowe,
And with the warbling of your Iuorie Lute,
T'alure the Fairies for to daunce about.
Or from *Th'appollo* that with bended bowe,
Did many a sharp and wounding shaft bestowe.
Amidst the Dragon *Pithons* scalie wings,
And forc't his dying blood to spout in springs.
Beleeue me *Phebus*, who sawe you then and now,
Would thinke there were a wondrous change in you.
Ap. Alas faire dames, to make my sorows plain,
Would but reuiue an auncient wound again.
Which grating presently vpon my minde,
Doth leaue a scar of former woes behinde.
3 *Phœbus*, if you account vs for the same,
That tender thee, and loue *Appollos* name,
Powre forth to vs the fountaine of your woe,

From

Frõ whence the ſpring of theſe your ſorows flowe?
If we may any way redreſſe your mone,
Commaund our beſt, harme will we do you none.
Ap. Good Ladies, though I hope for no reliefe,
Ile ſhewe the ground of this my preſent griefe.
This time of yeare, or there about it was,
Accurſed be the time, tenne times alas:
When I from *Delphos* tooke my iourney downe,
To ſee the games in noble *Sparta* Towne,
There ſaw I that, wherein I gan to ioy,
Amilchars ſonne a gallant comely boy,
Hight *(Hiacinth)* full fifteene yeares of age,
Whom I intended to haue made my Page,
And bare as great affection to the boy,
As euer *Ioue*, in *Ganimede* did ioy.
Among the games, my ſelfe put in a pledge,
To trie my ſtrength in throwing of the ſledge,
Which poyſing with my ſtrained arme I threw
So farre, that it beyond the other flew.
My *Hiacinth*, delighting in the game,
Deſierd to proue his manhood in the ſame:
And catching ere the ſledge lay ſtill on ground,
With violent force, aloft it did rebound
Againſt his head, and battered out his braine:
And ſo alas, my louely boy was ſlaine.
1. Hard hap O *Phœbus*, but ſieth it's paſt & gone,
We wiſh ye to forbeare this fruſtrate mone.
Ap. Ladies, I know my ſorrowes are in vaine,
And yet from mourning can I not refraine.
1. *Eurania* ſome pleaſant Song ſhall ſing.
To put ye from your dumps.
Ap. Alas, no Song will bring
The leaſt reliefe to my perplexed minde.
2. No *Phœbus?* what other paſtime ſhal we finde,
To make ye merry with?
Ap. Faire dames I thanke you all,

No ſport nor paſtime can releaſe my thrall:
My grief's of courſe, when it the courſe hath had,
I ſhall be merrie, and no longer ſad.

1 What will ye then we doo?

Ap. And pleaſe ye, you may goe,
And leaue me here to feed vpon my woe.

2 Then *Phebus*, we can but wiſh ye wel again.

Exeunt Charites.

Ap. I thanke ye gentle Ladies for your paine.
O *Phœbus* wretched thou thus art thou faine
With forg'de excuſes, to conceale thy paine.
O *Hyacinth*, I ſuffer not theſe fits
For thee my Boy, no, no, another ſits
Deeper then thou, in cloſet of my breſt:
Whoſe ſight ſo late, hath wrought me this vnreſt.
And yet no Goddeſſe, nor of heauenly kinde
She is, whoſe beautie thus torments my minde.
No Fayrie Nymph, that haunts theſe pleaſaunt woods,
No Goddeſſe of the flowres, the fields, nor floods:
Yet ſuch an one, whom iuſtly I may call
A Nymph, as well as any of them all.
Eurymine, what heauen affoords thee heere?
So may I ſay, becauſe thou com'ſt ſo neere?
And neerer far vnto a heauenly ſhape,
Then ſhe of whom *Ioue* triumph't in the Rape.
Ile ſit me downe, and wake my griefe againe,
To ſing a while, in honour of thy name.

The Song.

Amidſt the mountaine *Ida* groues,
Where *Paris* kept his Heard:
Before the other Ladies all,
He would haue thee preferd.
Pallas for all her painting than,
Her face would ſeeme but pale:
Then *Iuno* would haue bluſht for ſhame,
And *Venus* looked ſtale.

Eurymine

Eurymine thy ſelfe alone,
Shouldſt beare the golden ball:
So far would thy moſt heauenly forme,
Excell the other all.
O happie *Phœbus*, happie then,
Moſt happie ſhould I bee:
If faire *Eurymine* would pleaſe,
To ioyne in loue with mee.

Enter Eurymine.

Eu. Although there be ſuch difference in the chaunge,
To liue in Court, and deſart woods to raunge,
Yet in extremes, wherein we cannot chuſe,
An extreame refuge is not to refuſe.
Good gentlemen, did any ſee my heard?
I ſhall not finde them out, I am afeard:
And yet my maiſter wayteth with his bowe,
Within a ſtanding, for to ſtrike a Doe.
You ſawt hem not? your ſilence makes me doubt:
I muſt goe further, till I finde them out.

Ap. What ſeek you prettie Mayde?

Eu. Forſooth my heard of Deere.

Ap. I ſawe them lately, but they are not heere.

Eu. I pray Sir, where?

Ap. An houre agoe or twaine,
I ſawe them feeding all aboue the plaine.

Eu. So much the more my toile to fetch them in.
I thanke ye Sir.

Ap. Nay ſtay ſweet Nymph with mee.

Eu. My buſines, cannot ſo diſpatched bee.

Ap. But pray ye Maide, it will be verie good,
To take the ſhade, in this vnhaunted wood:
This flowring bay with branches large and great,
Will ſhrowd ye ſafely, from the parching heat.

Eu. Good ſir, my buſines calls me hence in haſt.

Ap. O ſtay with him, whō conquered thou haſt,
With him, whoſe reſtles thoughts do beat on thee:

With him that ioyes, thy wiſhed face to ſee.
With him whoſe ioyes ſurmount all ioyes aboue:
If thou wouldſt thinke him worthie of thy loue.
Eu. Why Sir, would you deſire another make?
And weare that garland for your Miſtres ſake?
Ap. No Nymph, although I loue this lawrel tree,
My fancy ten times more affecteth thee:
And as the bay is alwaies freſh and greene,
So ſhall my loue as freſh to thee be ſeene.
Eu. Now truly Sir, you offer me great wrong,
To hold me from my buſines here ſo long.
Ap. O ſtay ſweet Nymph, with more aduiſement view,
What one he is, that for thy grace doth ſue:
I am not one that haunts on hills or Rocks,
I am no ſhepheard wayting on my flocks.
I am no boyſtrous Satyre, no nor Faune,
That am with pleaſure of thy beautie drawne.
Thou doſt not know God wot, thou doſt not kno,
The wight, whoſe preſence thou diſdaineſt ſo.
Eu. But I may know, if you wold pleaſe to tell.
Ap. My father in the higheſt heauens doth dwel:
And I am knowne the ſonne of *Ioue* to bee,
Whereon the folke of *Delphos* honor mee.
By me is knowne what is, what was, and what ſhall bee,
By me are learnde the Rules of harmonie.
By me the depth of Phiſicks lore is found:
And power of hearbes that grow vpon the ground.
And thus by circumſtances maiſt thou ſee,
That I am *Phœbus*, who doth fancie thee.
Eu. No ſir, by theſe diſcourſes may I ſee,
You mock me with a forged pedegree.
If ſonne you be to *Ioue*, as erſt ye ſaid,
In making loue vnto a mortall maide,
You worke diſhonour to your deitie:
I muſt be gone: I thanke ye for your curteſie.
Ap. Alas, abandon not thy Louer ſo.

Eu. I pray ſir hartily, giue me leaue to goe.
Ap. The way ore-growne, with ſhrubs and buſhes thick,
The ſharpned thornes, your tender feete will prick.
The brambles round about, your traine will lappe,
The burs and briers, about your skirts will wrappe.
Eu. If *Phœbus*, thou of *Ioue* the ofspring be,
Diſhonor not thy deitie ſo much,
With profered force, a ſilly mayd to touch:
For doing ſo, although a god thou bee,
The earth, and men on earth, ſhall ring thy infamie.
Ap. Hard ſpeech to him that loueth thee ſo well.
Eu. What know I that?
Ap. I know it, and can tell: and feele it too.
Eu. If that your loue be ſuch,
As you pretend, ſo feruent and ſo much,
For proofe thereof, graunt me but one requeſt.
Ap. I will, by *Ioue* my father, I proteſt:
Prouided firſt, that thy petition bee,
Not hurtfull to thy ſelfe, nor harme to mee.
For ſo ſometimes did *Phaeton* my ſonne,
Requeſt a thing, whereby he was vndonne.
He loſt his life through crauing it, and I
Through graunting it, loſt him my ſonne thereby.
Eu. Then *Phœbus* thus it is, if thou be hee,
That art pretended in thy pedegree,
If ſonne thou be to *Ioue* as thou doeſt faine,
And chalengeſt that tytle not in vaine:
Now heer bewray ſome ſigne of godhead than?
And chaunge me ſtraight, from ſhape of mayd to man?
Ap. Alas, what fond deſire doth moue thy minde
To wiſh thee altered from thy natiue kinde?
If thou in this thy womans forme canſt moue,
Not men but gods, to ſue and ſeeke thy loue:
Content thy ſelfe with natures bountie than,
And couet not to beare the ſhape of man.
And this moreouer will I ſay to thee,
Fairer man then mayde, thou ſhalt neuer bee.

Eu. Theſe vaine excuſes, manifeſtly ſhowe,
Whether you vſurp *Appollos* name or no.
Sith my demaund ſo far ſurmounts your Art,
Ye ioyne exceptions, on the ǫther part.

Ap. Nay then my doubtles Deitie to proue,
Although thereby for euer I looſe my Loue,
I graunt thy wiſh, thou art become a man:
I ſpeake no more, then well performe I can.
And though thou walke in chaunged bodie now,
This pennance ſhall be added to thy vow:
Thy ſelfe a man, ſhalt loue a man, in vaine:
And louing, wiſh to be a maide againe.

Eu. Appollo, whether I loue a man or not,
I thanke ye, now I will accept my lot:
And ſith my chaunge hath diſappointed you,
Ye are at libertie to loue anew.

Exit.

Ap. If euer I loue, ſith now I am forſaken,
Where next I loue, it ſhall be better taken:
But what ſo ere my fate in louing bee,
Yet thou maiſt vaunt, that *Phœbus* loued thee.

Exit Appollo.

Enter Ioculo, Friſco, and Mopſo, at three ſeuerall doores.

Mop. Ioculo, whither ietteſt thou?
Haſt thou found thy Maiſter?
Io. Mopſo wel met, haſt thou found thy miſtreſſe?
Mop. Not I by Pan.
Io. Nor I by Pot.
Mop. Pot? what god's that?
Io. The next god to a Pan, and ſuch a pot it may be,

That

As he ſhall haue moe ſeruants then all the Pannes in a Tinkers ſhop.

Mop. *Friſco*, where haſt thou bene frisking? haſt thou found?

Friſ. I haue found.

Io. What haſt thou found *Friſco*?

Friſ. A couple of crack-roapes.

Io. And I.

Mop. And I.

Friſ. I meane you two.

Io. I you two.

Mop. And I you two.

Friſ. Come, a trebble coniunction: all three, all three.

They all imbrace each other.

Mop. But *Friſco*, haſt not found the faire ſhepheardeſſe, thy Maiſters Miſtreſſe?

Friſ. Not I by God, *Priapus* I meane.

Io. *Priapus* quoth a? Whattin a God might that bee?

Friſ. A plaine God, with a good peg to hang a ſhepheardreſſe bottle vpon.

Io. Thou being a Forreſters Boy, ſhouldſt ſweare by the God of the woods.

Friſ. My Maiſter ſweares by *Siluanus*, I muſt ſweare by his poore neighbour.

Io. And heer's a ſhepheards ſwaine, ſweares by a Kitchen God, *Pan*.

Mop. *Pan's* the ſhepheardes God, but thou ſweareſt by Pot, what God's that?

Io. The God of good-fellowſhip: well, you haue wicked Maiſters, that teach ſuch little Boyes as you are to ſweare ſo young.

Friſ. Alas good old great man, wil not your maſter ſwear?

Io. I neuer heard him ſweare ſix ſound oaths in all my life.

Mop. May hap he cannot, becauſe hees diſeaſd.

Friſ. Peace *Mopſo*, I will ſtand toot, hee's neither braue Courtier, bouncing Caualier, nor boone Companion, if he

ſweare not ſometime: for they will ſweare, forſweare, and ſweare.

Io. How? ſweare, forſweare, and ſweare? how is that?

Friſ. They'le ſweare at dyce, forſweare their debts: And ſweare when they looſe their labour in loue.

Io. Well, your maiſters haue much to anſwere for, that bring ye vp ſo wickedly.

Friſ. Nay my maiſter is damn'd Ile be ſworne, for his very ſoule burnes in the firie eye of his faire miſtreſſe.

Mop. My maiſter is not damn'd, but he is dead, for he hath buried his ioyes in the boſome of his faire miſtreſſe.

Io. My maiſter is neither damnde nor dead, and yet is in the caſe of both your maiſters: like a woodden ſhepheard, and a ſheepiſh wood-man, for he is loſt in ſeeking of a loſt ſheepe, and ſpent in hunting a Doe that hee would faine ſtrike.

Friſ. Faith and I am founderd with flinging too and fro, with Cheſ-nuts, Hazel-nuts, Bullaze, and wildings, for preſents from my maiſter to the faire ſhepherdeſſe.

Mop. And I am tierd like a Calfe, with carrying a Kidde euery weeke to the Cottage of my maiſters ſweete Lambkin.

Io. I am not tierd, but ſo wearie I cannot goe, with following a maiſter, that followes his miſtreſſe, that followes her ſhadow, that followes the ſunne, that followes his courſe.

Friſ. That follows the colt, that followed the mare, the man rode on to Midleton: ſhall I ſpeake a wiſe word?

Mop. Do and wee will burne our caps.

Friſ. Are not we fooles?

Io. Is that a wiſe word?

Friſ. Giue me leaue: are not we fooles to weare our yong feete to old ſtumps, when there dwells a cunning man in a Caue hereby, who for a bunch of rootes, a bagge of nuts, or a buſhell of crabs, will tell vs, where thou ſhalt finde thy maiſter, and which of our maiſters ſhall win the wenches fauour?

Io. Bring me to him *Friſco*, Ile giue him all the poynts at my

my hose, to poynt me right to my maister.

Mop. A bottle of whey shall be his meed, if he saue me labour for posting with presents.

Enter Aramanthus, *with his Globe, &c.*

Fris. Here he comes, offend him not *Ioculo*,
For feare he turne thee to a Iacke an Apes.

Mop. And thee to an Owle.

Io. And thee to a Wood-cocke.

Fris. A Wood-cocke, an Owle, and an Ape?

Mop. A long bill, a broade face, and no tayle?

Io. Kisse it *Mopso*, and be quiet, Ile salute him ciuilly.
Good speed good man.

Aram. Welcome bad boy.

Fris. He speakes to thee *Ioculo*,

Io. Meaning thee *Frisco*.

Aram. I speake, and meane not him, nor him, nor thee,
But speaking so, I speake and meane, all three.

Io. If ye be good at Rimes and Riddles old man, expound me this,
These two serue two, those two serue one,
Assoyle me this, and I am gone.

Aram. You three serue three: those three do seeke to one,
One shall her finde, he comes, and she is gone.

Io. This is a wise answer: her going causd his coming,
For if she had nere gone, he had nere come.

Mop. Good maister wizard, leaue these murlemewes, and tel *Mopso* plainly, whether *Gemulo* my maister, that gentle shepheard, shall win the loue of the faire shepherdesse his flock-keeper or not, and Ile giue ye a bottell of as good whey, as ere ye laid lips too.

Fris. And good father Fortune-teller, let *Frisco* knowe, whither *Silvio* my maister that lustie Forrester, shal gaine that same gay shepherdesse or no? Ile promise ye nothing for your paines, but a bag full of nuts: if I bring a crab or two in my pocket, take them for aduantage.

Io. And gentle maister wise-man, tell *Ioculo*, if his noble Maister *Ascanio*, that gallant Courtier, shalbe found by me, and she found by him, for whom, he hath lost his fathers fauour, and his owne libertie, and I my labour, and Ile giue ye thankes: for we Courtiers, neither giue nor take bribes.

Aram. I take your meaning better then your speech,
And I will graunt the thing you doo beseech:
But for the teares of Louers be no toyes,
Ile tell their chaunce in parables to Boyes.

Frisc. In what ye will, lets heare our maisters luck.

Aram. Thy maisters Doe, shall turne vnto a Buck.

To Mopso.

Thy maisters Eawe, be chaunged to a Ram,

To Ioculo.

Thy maister seeks a maide, and findes a man.
Yet for his labor shall he gaine his meede,
The other two shall sigh, to see him speede.

Mop. Then my maister shall not win the shepheardesse?

Aram. No: hast thee home, and bid him right his wrong,
The shepheardesse wil leaue his flock ere long.

Mop. Ile run to warne my master of that.

Exit.

Frisc. My maister wood-man, takes but woodden paines to no purpose I thinke, what say ye, shall he speede?

Aram. No: tell him so, and bid him tend his Deare:
And cease to woe, he shall not wed this yeare.

Frisc. I am not sorie for it, farewell *Ioculo*.

Exit.

Io. I may goe with thee, for I shall speed euen so too, by staying behinde.

Aram. Better my Boy, thou shalt thy maister finde,
And he shall finde the partie he requires:
And yet not finde the summe of his desires,
Keep on that way, thy maister walkes before,
Whom when thou find'st, loose him good Boy no more.

Exit ambo.

Enter Aſcanio, and Ioculo.

Aſca. Shall then my trauell euer endles proue?
That I can heare no tydings of my Loue?
In neither deſart, groue, nor ſhadie wood,
Nor obſcure thicket, where my foote hath trod?
But euery plough-man, and rude ſhepheard ſwain,
Doth ſtill reply vnto my greater paine?
Some Satyre then, or Goddeſſe of this place,
Some water Nymph, vouchſafe me ſo much grace
As by ſome view, ſome ſigne, or other ſho,
I may haue knowledge if ſhe liue or no.
Eccho. No.
Aſca. Then my poore hart is buried too in wo:
Record it once more, if the truth be ſo?
Eccho. So.
Aſca. How, that *Eurymine* is dead, or liues?
Eccho. Liues.
Aſca. Now gentle Goddeſſe thou redeem'ſt my ſoule
From death to life: Oh tell me quickly where?
Eccho. Where?
Aſca. In ſome remote far region, or elſe neere?
Eccho. Neere.
Aſca. Oh what conceales her from my thirſtie eies?
Is it reſtraint? or ſome vnknowne diſguiſe?
Eccho. Diſguiſe.
Io. Let me be hangd my Lord, but all is lyes.
Eccho. Lyes.
Io. True, we are both perſwaded thou doeſt lye.
Eccho. Thou doeſt lye.
Io. Who I?
Eccho. Who I?
Io. I thou.
Eccho, I thou.

Io. Thou dar'ſt not come and ſay ſo to my face,
Eccho. Thy face.
Io. Ile make you then for euer prating more,
Eccho. More.
Io. Will ye prate more? Ile ſee that preſently.
Aſcha. Stay *Ioculo*, it is the Eccho Boy,
That mocks our griefe, and laughes at our annoy.
Hard by this groue there is a goodly plaine
Betwixt two hils, ſtill freſh with drops of raine:
Where neuer ſpreading Oake nor Poplar grew,
Might hinder the proſpect or other view,
But all the country that about it lyes,
Preſents it ſelfe vnto our mortall eyes:
Saue that vpon each hill, by leauie trees,
The Sun at higheſt, his ſcorching heat may leeſe.
There languiſhing my ſelfe I will betake,
As heauen ſhall pleaſe, and only for her ſake.
Io. Stay maiſter, I haue ſpied the fellow now, that mockt vs all this while: ſee where he ſits.

Aramanthus ſitting.

Aſca. The very ſhape my Viſion told me off,
That I ſhould meet with as I ſtrayd this way.
Io. What lynes he drawes? beſt go not ouer farre.
Aſca. Let me alone, thou doeſt but trouble mee.
Io. Youle trouble vs all anon, ye ſhall ſee.
Aſca. God ſpeed faire Sir.
Io. My Lord doo ye not marke?
How the skie thickens, and begins to darke?
Aſca. Health to ye Sir.
Io. Nay then God be our ſpeed.
Ara. Forgiue me Sir, I ſawe ye not in deed.
Aſca. Pardon me rather, for moleſting you.
Io. Such another face I neuer knew.
Ara. Thus ſtudious I am wont to paſſe the time,
By true proportion, of each line from line.
Io. Oh now I ſee he was learning to ſpell,
Theres A. B. C. in midſt of his table.

Aſcanio.

Aſca. Tel me I pray ye ſir, may I be bold to craue
The cauſe of your abode within this Caue?
Ara. To tell you that in this extreme diſtreſſe,
Were but a tale of Fortunes fickleneſſe.
Sometime I was a Prince of *Lesbos* Ile,
And liu'd belou'd, whilſt my good ſtars did ſmile:
But clowded once with this worlds bitter croſſe,
My ioy to grife, my gaine conuerts to loſſe.
Aſca. Forward I pray ye, faint not in your tale.
Io. It will not all be worth a cup of Ale.
Ara. A ſhort diſcourſe of that which is too long
How euer pleaſing, can neuer ſeeme but wrong:
Yet would my tragicke ſtory fit the ſtage,
Pleaſaunt in youth, but wretched in mine age.
Blinde Fortune ſetting vp and pulling downe,
Abuſde by thoſe my ſelfe raiſde to renowne:
But ꝑ which wrings me neer, and wounds my hart,
Is a falſe brothers baſe vnthankfull part.
Aſc. A ſmal offence comparde with my diſeaſe,
No doubt ingratitude in time may ceaſe
And be forgot: my griefe out-liues all howres:
Raining on my head, continual hapleſſe ſhowers.
Ara. You ſing of yours, and I of mine relate:
To euery one, ſeemes worſt his owne eſtate.
But to proceed, exiled thus by ſpight,
Both country I forgoe, and brothers ſight:
And comming hither where I thought to liue,
Yet here I cannot but lament and greeue.
Aſca. Some comfort yet in this there doth remaine:
That you haue found a partner in your paine.
Ara. How are your ſorrowes ſubiect, let me heare?
Aſca. More ouerthrowne, and deeper in diſpaire
Than is the manner of your heauie ſmart,
My cureleſſe griefe, doth ranckle at my hart.
And in a word, to heare the ſumme of all,
I loue, and am belou'd; but there-withall

The ſweetneſſe of that banquet muſt forgo,
Whoſe pleaſant taſt is chaungde with bitter wo.
Ara. A conflict, but to try your noble minde,
As common vnto youth, as raine to winde.
Aſca. But hence it it that doth me treble wrong,
Expected good, that is forborne ſo long:
Doth looſe the vertue which the vſe would proue.
Ara. Are you then ſir, deſpiſed of your Loue?
Aſca. No, but depriued of her company.
And for my careles negligence therein:
Am bound to doo this penaunce for my ſin.
That if I neuer finde where ſhe remaines,
I vowe a yeare ſhalbe my end of paines.
Ara. Was ſhe then loſt within this Forreſt here?
Aſc. Loſt or forlorn, to me ſhe was right deere.
And this is certaine, vnto him that could
The place where ſhe abides to me vnfold:
For euer I would vow my ſelfe his friend,
Neuer reuolting till my life did end.
And therefore ſir, (as well I know your skill)
If you will giue me phiſicke for this ill,
And ſhewe me if *Eurymine* do liue,
It were a recompence for all my paine,
And *I* ſhould thinke my ioyes were full againe.
Ara. They know the want of health that haue bene ſick,
My ſelfe ſometime acquainted with the like,
Do learne in dutie of a kinde regard,
To pittie him whoſe hap hath bene ſo hard.
How long *I* pray ye hath ſhe abſent beene?
Aſca. Three dayes it is ſince that my Loue was ſeene.
Io. Heer's learning for the nonce, that ſtands on ioynts:
For all his cunning, ile ſcarſe giue two poynts.
Ara. Mercurio regnante virum, ſubſequente Luna,
Faminum deſignat.
Io. Nay and you go to latin, then tis ſure, my maiſter ſhall finde her, if he could tell when.

Ara. I

Ara. I cannot tell what reaſon it ſhould bee,
But loue and reaſon here doo diſagree.
By proofe of learned principles I finde,
The manner of your loue's againſt all kinde,
And not to feed ye with vncertaine ioy,
Whom you affect ſo much, is but a Boy.
Io. A Riddle for my life, ſome Antick Ieſt,
Did I not tell ye what his cunning was?
Aſca. I loue a Boy?
Ara. Mine Art doth tell me ſo.
Aſca. Adde not a freſh increaſe vnto my woe.
Ara. I dare auouch what lately I haue ſaide,
The loue that troubles you, is for no maide.
Aſca. As well I might be ſaid to touch the skie,
Or darke the horizon with tapeſtrie:
Or walke vpon the waters of the ſea,
As to be haunted with ſuch lunacie.
Ara. If it be falſe, mine Art I will defie.
Aſca. Amaz'de with griefe, my loue is then transform'd.
Io. Maiſter be contented, this is leape yeare,
Women weare breetches, petticoats are deare.
And thats his meaning, on my life it is.
Aſc. Oh God, and ſhal my torments neuer ceaſe?
Ara. Repreſſe the fury of your troubled minde:
Walke here a while, your Lady you may finde.
Io. A Lady and a Boy, this hangs wel together:
Like ſnow in harueſt, ſun-ſhine and foule weather.

Enter Eurymine ſinging.

Since hope of helpe my froward ſtarres denie,
Come ſweeteſt death, and end my miſerie.
He left his country, I my ſhape haue loſt,
Deare is the loue, that hath ſo dearly coſt.
Eu. Yet can I boaſt, though *Phœbus* were vniuſt
This ſhift did ſerue, to barre him from his luſt.
But who are theſe alone? I cannot chuſe
But bluſh for ſhame, that any one ſhould ſee,
Eurymine in this diſguiſe to bee.

Asca. It is, it is not my loue, *Eurymine.*
Eury. Hark, some one hallows: gentlemen adiew,
In this attire I dare not stay their view. *Exit.*
Asca. My loue, my ioy, my life,
By eye, by face, by tongue, it should be shee.
Oh I, it was my loue, Ile after her,
And though she passe the Eagle in her flight,
Ile neuer rest, till I haue gain'd her sight.
Exit.
Ara. Loue carries him, and so retains his mind,
That he forgets how I am left behind:
Yet will I follow softly, as I can,
In hope to see the fortune of the man.
Exit.
Io. Nay let them go a Gods name, one by one,
With my heart *I* am glad to be alone.
Heres old transforming, would with all his Art,
He could transforme this tree into a tart.
See then if *I* would flinch from hence or no:
But for it is not so, *I* needs must go.
Exit.

Enter Siluio *and* Gemulo.

Sil. *I*s it a bargaine *Gemulo*, or not?
Ge. Thou neuer knew'st me breake my word *I* wot,
Nor will *I* now, betide me bale or blis.
Sil. Nor *I* breake mine, and here her cottage is:
Ile call her forth.
Ge. Will *Siluio* be so rude?
Sil. Neuer shall we betwixt our selues conclude
Our controuersie, for we ouerweene.
Ge. Not *I*, but thou, for though thou iet'st in greene,
As fresh as Meadow in a morne of May,
And scorn'st the shepheard, for he goes in gray.
But Forrester, beleeue it as thy Creede,
My mistresse mindes my person, not my weede.

So,

Sil. So'twas I thought, becauſe ſhe tends thy ſheepe
Thou thinkſt in loue of thee ſhe taketh keepe:
That is as towniſh damzels lend the hand,
But ſend the heart to him alooſe doth ſtand.
So deales *Eurymine* with *Siluio.*
Ge. Albe ſhe looke more blithe on *Gemulo,*
Her heart is in the dyall of her eye,
That poynts me hers.
Sil. That ſhall we quickly trye.
Eurymine.
Ge. *Erynnis* ſtop thy throte,
Vnto thy hound thou hallowſt ſuch a note?
I thought that ſhepheards had bene mannerleſſe,
But Wood-men are the ruder groomes I gueſſe.
Sil. How ſhuld I cal her Swain, but by her name?
Ge. So *Hobnoll* the plow-man, calls his dame.
Call her in Carroll from her quiet coate.
Sil. Agreed: but whether ſhall begin his note.
Ge. Draw cuttes.
Sil. Content, the longeſt ſhall begin.
Ge. Tis mine.
Sil. Sing loude, for ſhe is farre within.
Ge. Inſtruct thy ſinging in thy Forreſt waies,
Shepheards know how to chant their roundelaies.
Sil. Repeat our bargain, ere we ſing our Song.
Leaſt after wrangling, ſhould our miſtreſſe wrong.
If me ſhe chuſe, thou muſt be well content:
If thee ſhe chuſe, I giue the like conſent.
Ge. Tis done: now *Pan* pipe on thy ſweeteſt Reede,
And as *I* loue, ſo let thy ſeruaunt ſpeede.
As little Lambes lift vp their ſnowie ſides,
When mounting Larke ſalutes the gray-eyed morne:
Sil. *As from the Oaken leaues the honie glides,*
Where Nightingales record vpon the thorne.
Ge. So riſe my thoughts.
Sil. So all my ſences cheere.

Ge. When she surueyes my flocks.
Sil. And she my Deare.
Ge. *Eurymine.*
Sil. *Eurymine.*
Ge. Come foorth.
Sil. Come foorth.
Ge. Come foorth and cheere these plaines.
And both sing this togither, when they haue sung it single.
Sil. The Wood-mans Loue.
Ge. And Lady of the Swaynes.
Enter Eurymine.
Faire Forester and louely shepheard Swaine,
Your Carrolls call *Eurymine* in vaine:
For she is gone, her Cottage and her sheepe,
With me her brother, hath she left to keepe:
And made me sweare by *Pan*, ere she did go,
To see them safely kept, for *Gemulo*.
They both looke straungely vpon her, apart each from other.
Ge. What? hath my Loue a new come Louer than?
Sil. What? hath my Mistresse got another man?
Ge. This Swayne will rob me of *Eurymine*.
Sil. This youth hath power to win *Eurymine*.
Ge. This straungers beautie beares away my prize.
Sil. This straunger will bewitch her with his eies.
Ge. It is *Adonis*.
Sil. It is *Ganymede*.
Ge. My blood is chill.
Sil. My heart is cold as Leade.
Eu. Faire youthes, you haue forgot for what ye came,
You seeke your Loue, shee's gone.
Ge. The more too blame.
Eu. Not so, my sister had no will to go:
But that our parents dread commaund was so.

Silui

Sil. It is thy ſcuſe, thou art not of her kin,
But as my Ryuall, com'ſte my Loue to win.
Eu. By great *Apollos* ſacred Deitie,
That ſhepheardeſſe ſo neare is Sib to me,
As I ne may (for all this world) her wed:
For ſhe and I in one ſelfe wombe were bred.
But ſhe is gone, her flocke is left to mee.
Ge. The ſhepcoat's mine, and I will in and ſee.
Sil. And I.

Exeunt Siluio and Gemulo.

Eu. Go both, cold comfort ſhall you finde,
My manly ſhape, hath yet a womans minde:
Prone to reueale what ſecret ſhe doth know,
God pardon me, I was about to ſhow
My transformation: peace they come againe.

Enter Siluio, and Gemulo.

Sil. Haue ye found her?
Ge. No, we looke in vaine.
Eu. I told ye ſo.
Ge. Yet heare me, new-come Swayne.
Albe thy ſeemly feature ſet no ſale
But honeſt truth vpon thy nouell tale,
Yet (for this world is full of ſubtiltie)
We wiſh thee goe with vs for companie
Vnto a Wiſe-man wonning in this wood,
Hight *Aramanth*, whoſe wit and skill is good:
That he may certifie our mazing doubt,
How this ſtraunge chaunce and chaunge hath fallen out.
Eu. I am content: haue with ye, when ye will.
Sil. Euen now.
Eu. Hee'le make ye muſe, if he haue any skill.

Exeunt.

Act. 5.

Enter Aſcanio, and Eurymine.

Aſca. Eurymine, I pray if thou be ſhee,
Refraine thy haſte, and doo not flie from mee.

The time hath bene my words thou wouldſt allow,
And am I growne ſo loathſome to thee now?
En. *Aſcanio*, time hath bene I muſt confeſſe,
When in thy preſence was my happineſſe:
But now the manner of my miſerie,
Hath chaung'd that courſe, that ſo it cannot be.
Aſca. What wrong haue I contriued? what iniurie
To alienate thy liking ſo from me?
If thou be ſhe whom ſometime thou didſt faine,
And beareſt not the name of friend in vaine,
Let not thy borrowed guiſe of altred kinde,
Alter the wonted liking of thy minde:
But though in habit of a man thou goeſt,
Yet be the ſame *Enrymine* thou waſt.
En. How gladly would I be thy Lady ſtill,
If earneſt vowes might anſwere to my will?
Aſca. And is thy fancie alterd with thy guiſe?
En. My kinde, but not my minde in any wiſe.
Aſca. What though thy habit differ from thy kind:
Thou maieſt retain thy wonted louing mind.
En. And ſo I doo.
Aſca. Then why art thou ſo ſtraunge?
Or wherefore doth thy plighted fancie chaunge?
En. *Aſcanio*, my heart doth honor thee.
Aſc. And yet continueſt ſtil ſo ſtrange to me?
En. Not ſtrange, ſo far as kind wil giue me leaue.
Aſca. Vnkind that kind, that kindneſſe doth bereaue:
Thou ſaiſt thou loueſt me.
En. As a friend his friend:
And ſo I vowe to loue thee to the end.
Aſca. I wreake not of ſuch loue, loue me but ſo
As faire *Enrymine* lou'd *Aſcanio*.
En. That loue's denide vnto my preſent kinde.
Aſca. In kindly thewes, vnkinde I doo thee finde:
I ſee thou art as conſtant as the winde.

Enrymine.

Eu. Doth kind allow a man to loue a man?
Asca. Why art not thou *Eurymine?*
Eu. I am.
Asca. *Eurymine* my Loue?
Eu. The very same.
Asca. And wast not thou a woman then?
Eu. Most true.
As. And art thou changed from a woman now?
Eu. Too true.
Asc. These tales my mind perplex: thou art *Eurymine.*
Eu. In name, but not in sexe.
Asca. What then?
Eu. A man.
Asca. In guise thou art I see.
Eu. The guise thou seest, doth with my kinde agree.
Asca. Before thy flight thou wast a woman tho.
Eu. True *Ascanio.*
Asca. And since art thou a man?
Eu. Too true deare friend.
Asca. Then haue I lost a wife.
Eu. But found a friend, whose dearest blood and life,
Shalbe as readie as thine owne for thee:
In place of wife, such friend thou hast of mee.

Enter Ioculo, and Aramanthus.

Io. Here they are: maister well ouertane,
I thought we two should neuer meete againe:
You went so fast, that I to follow ye,
Slipt ouer hedge and ditch, and many a tall tree.
Ara. Well said my Boy, thou knowest not how to lie.
Io. To lye Sir? how say you was it not so?
You were at my heeles, though farre off, ye know:
For maister, not to counterfayt with ye now,
Hee's as good a footeman as a shackeld sow.
Asca. Good Sir y'are welcome, sirrha hold your prate.
Ara. What speed in that I told to you of late?

Ascanio.

Asca. Both good and bad, as doth the sequell proue,
For (wretched) I haue found, and lost my Loue.
If that be lost which I can nere enioy.
Io. Faith Mistresse y'are too blame to be so coy.
The day hath bene, but what is that to mee:
When more familiar with a man you'ld bee.
Ara. I told ye you should finde a man of her:
Or else my rule did very straungely erre.
Asca. Father, the triall of your skill I finde,
My Loue's transformde into another kinde:
And so I finde, and yet haue lost my Loue.
Io. Ye cannot tell, take her aside and proue.
Asca. But sweet *Eurymine* make some report
Why thou departedst from my fathers Court?
And how this straunge mishap to thee befell,
Let me intreat thou wouldst the processe tell.
Eu. To shew how I arriued in this ground,
Were but renewing of an auncient wound:
Another time that office ile fulfill,
Let it suffice, I came against my will.
And wandring here about this Forrest side,
It was my chaunce of *Phœbus* to be spide.
Whose loue because I chastly did withstand,
He thought to offer me a violent hand.
But for a present shift to shun his rape,
I wisht my selfe transformde into this shape:
Which he perform'd (God knowes) against his wil:
And I since then, haue wayld my fortune still.
Not for misliking ought I finde in mee,
But for thy sake, whose wife I meant to bee.
Asca. Thus haue you heard our woful destenie,
Which I in heart lament, and so doth she.
Ara. The fittest remedie that I can finde,
Is this, to ease the torment of your minde.
Perswade your selues that great *Apollo* can,
As easily make a woman of a man,

As contrariwiſe he made a man of her.
Aſca. I thinke no leſſe.
Ara. Then humble ſuite preferre
To him: perhaps your prayers may attaine,
To haue her turnd into her forme againe.
Eu. But *Phœbus* ſuch diſdain to me doth beare,
As hardly we ſhall win his graunt I feare.
Ara. Then in theſe verdant fields al richly dide,
With natures gifts, and *Floras* painted pride:
There is a goodly ſpring whoſe chriſtal ſtreames
Beſet with myrtles, keepe backe *Phœbus* beames:
There in rich ſeates all wrought of Iuory,
The Graces ſit, liſtening the melodye:
The warbling Birds doo from their prettie billes
Vnite in concord, as the brooke diſtilles.
Whoſe gentle murmure with his buzzing noates,
Is as a baſe vnto their hollow throates.
Garlands beſide they weare vpon their browes,
Made of all ſorts of flowers earth allowes:
From whence ſuch fragrant ſweet perfumes ariſe,
As you would ſweare that place is Paradiſe.
To them let vs repaire with humble hart,
And meekly ſhew the manner of your ſmart:
So gratious are they in *Apollos* eies,
As their intreatie quickly may ſuffice.
In your behalfe, Ile tell them of your ſtates,
And craue their aides, to ſtand your aduocates.
Aſca. For euer you ſhall bind vs to you than.
Ara. Come go with me: Ile doo the beſt I can.
Io. Is not this hard luck to wander ſo long,
And in the end to finde his wife markt wrong.

Enter Phylander.

A proper ieſt as euer I heard tell,
In ſooth, me-thinks the breech becomes her well:
And might it not make their husbands feare then,
Wold all the wiues in our town might wear them.

Tell me youth, art a ſtraunger here or no?
Io. Is your commiſſion ſir, to examine me ſo?
Phy. What is it thou? now by my troth wel met.
Io. By your leaue, it's well ouertaken yet.
Phy. I lide thought I ſhould a found thee here.
Io. Perhaps ſo ſir.
Phy. I prethee ſpeake, what cheere?
Io. What cheere can here be hopte for in theſe woods?
Except trees, ſtones, bryars, buſhes, or buddes?
Phy. My meaning is, I faine would heare thee ſay,
How thou doeſt man, why thou tak'ſt this another way.
Io. Why then ſir, I doo as well as I may.
And to perſwade ye, that welcome ye bee,
Wilt pleaſe ye ſir, to eate a crab with mee?
Phy. Beleeue mè *Ioculo*, reaſonable hard cheere.
Io. *Phylander*, tis the beſt we can get heere.
But when returne ye to the Court againe?
Phy. Shortly, now I haue found thee.
Io. To requite your paine,
Shall I intreat you beare a preſent from me?
Phy. To whom?
Io. To the Duke.
Phy. What ſhall it be?
Io. Becauſe Venſon ſo conuenient doth not fall,
A pecke of Acornes tò make merry withall.
Phy. What meaneſt thou by that?
Io. By my troth ſir as ye ſee;
Acornes are good enough for ſuch as hee.
I wiſh his honour well, and to doo him good:
Would he had eaten all the Acorns in th'wood.
Phy. Good words *Ioculo*, of your Lord & mine.
Io. As may agree with ſuch a churliſh ſwine.
How dooes his honor?
Phy. Indifferently well.
Io. I wiſh him better.
Phy. How?

Ioculo.

Io. Vice-gerent in hell.
Phy. Doeſt thou wiſh ſo, for ought that he hath done?
Io. I for the loue he beares vnto his ſonne.
Phy. Hees growne of late, as fatherly and milde,
As euer father was vnto his childe:
And ſent me forth to ſearch the coaſt about,
If ſo my hap might be to finde him out,
And if *Eurymine* aliue remaine,
To bring them both vnto the Court againe.
Where is thy maiſter?
Io. Walking about the ground.
Phy. Oh that his Loue *Eurymine* were found.
Io. Why ſo ſhe is, come follow me and ſee.
Ile bring ye ſtrait where they remaining bee.
Exeunt.

Enter three or foure Muſes, Aramanthus, Aſcanio, Siluio, and Gemulo.

Aſca. Ceaſe your contention for *Eurymine*,
Nor words, nor vowes, can helpe her miſerie:
But he it is that did her firſt transforme,
Muſt ca'me the gloomy rigor of this ſtorme:
Great *Phœbus*, whoſe Pallace we are neere,
Salute him then in his celeſtiall ſphere:
That with the notes of cheerfull harmonie,
He may be mou'd to ſhewe his Deitie.
Sil. But wheres *Eurymine*, haue we loſt her ſight?
Aſ. Poore ſoule, within a caue, with fear affright
She ſits, to ſhun *Apollos* angry view,
Vntill ſhe ſee what of our prayers enſue:
If we can reconcile his loue or no,
Or that ſhe muſt continue in her woe.
1. *Mu.* Once haue we tried *Aſcanio*, for thy ſake
And once againe we will his power awake:
Not doubting but as he is of heauenly race,

At length he will take pitie on her case.
Sing therefore, and each partie from his heart,
In this our musicke, beare a chearefull part.

Song.

All haile faire *Phœbus*, in thy purple throne,
Vouchsafe the regarding of our deepe mone.
Hide not, oh hide not, thy comfortable face,
But pittie, but pittie, a virgins poore case.

Phœbus appeares.

1. *Muse.* Illustrate bewtie, Christall heauens eye,
Once more we do entreat thy clemencie:
That as thou art the power of vs all,
Thou would'st redeeme *Eurymine* from thrall.
Graunt gentle God, graunt this our small request,
And if abilitie in vs do rest:
Whereby we euer may deserue the same,
It shalbe seene, we reuerence *Phœbus* name.

Phœ. You sacred sisters of faire *Hellion*,
On whom my fauours euermore haue shone,
In this you must haue patience with my vow,
I cannot graunt what you aspire vnto.
Nor was't my fault, she was transformed so,
But her owne fond desire, as ye well know.
We told her too, before her vow was past,
That cold repentance would ensue at last.
And sith her selfe did wish the shape of man,
She causde the abuse, digest it how she can.

2. *Muse.* Alas, if vnto her you be so hard,
Yet of *Ascanio* haue some more regard,
And let him not endure such endlesse wrong,
That hath pursude her constant loue so long.

Asca. Great God, the greeuous trauells I haue past,
In restlesse search, to find her out at last:
My plaints my toiles, in lieu of my annoy,
Haue well deseru'd my Lady to enioy.
Penance too much I haue sustaind before:

Oh

Oh *Phœbus*, plague me not with any more.
Nor be thou ſo extreame, now at the worſt
To make my torments greater than at the firſt,
My Fathers late diſpleaſure is forgot,
And theres no let, nor any churliſh blot
To interrupt our ioyes from being compleat,
But only thy good fauour to intreat:
In thy great grace it lyes to make my ſtate
Moſt happie now, or moſt infortunate.

1. *Mu.* Heauenly *Apollo*, on our knees I pray,
Vouchſafe thy great diſpleaſure to allay.
What honor to thy Godhead will ariſe,
To plague a ſilly Lady in this wiſe?
Beſide, it is a ſtaine vnto thy Deitie,
To yeeld thine owne deſires the ſoueraignties:
Then ſhew ſome grace vnto a wofull Dame,
And in theſe groues, our tongues ſhall ſound thy fame.

Phœ. Ariſe deare Nourſes of diuineſt skill,
You ſacred Muſes of *Pernaſſus* hill:
Phœbus is conquerd by your deare reſpect,
And will no longer clemency neglect.
You haue not ſude nor praide to me in vaine:
I graunt your willes, ſhe is a mayd againe.

Aſca. Thy praiſe ſhal neuer die whilſt I do liue.

2. *Mu.* Nor will we ſlack perpetual thankes to giue.

Phœ. Thalia, neare the Caue where ſhe remaines
The Fayries keepe, requeſt them of their paines,
And in my name, bid them forthwith prouide,
From that darke place, to be the Ladies guide.
And in the bountie of their liberall minde,
To giue her cloathes according to her kinde.

1. *Mu.* I goe diuine *Apollo.* *Exit.*

Phœ. Haſte againe.
No time too ſwift, to eaſe a Louers paine.

Aſca. Moſt sacred *Phœbus*, endles thankes to thee,
That doeſt vouchſafe ſo much to pittie mee.

And aged father, for your kindnesse shown e,
Imagine not your friendship ill bestowne.
The earth shall sooner vanish and decay,
Than I will proue vnthankfull any way.
Ara. It is sufficient recompence to me,
If that my silly helpe haue pleasurde ye,
If you enioy your Loue and hearts desire,
It is enough: nor doo I more require.
Phœ. Graue *Aramanthus*, now I see thy face
I call to minde, how tedious a long space
Thou hast frequented these sad desarts here,
Thy time imployed, in heedfull minde I beare:
The patient sufferance of thy former wrong,
Thy poore estate, and sharpe exile so long,
The honourable port thou bor'st sometime,
Till wrongd thou wast, with vndeserued crime
By them whom thou to honour didst aduance,
The memory of which thy heauy chance,
Prouokes my minde to take remorse on thee,
Father henceforth, my clyent shalt thou bee:
And passe the remnant of thy fleeting time,
With Lawrell wreath, amongst the Muses nine.
And when thy age hath giuen place to fate,
Thou shalt exchaunge thy former mortall state:
And after death, a paime of fame shalt weare,
Amongst the rest that liue in honor here.
And lastly know, that faire *Eurymine*
Redeemed now from former miserie
Thy daughter is, whom I for that intent
Did hide from thee, in this thy banishment:
That so she might the greater scourge sustaine,
In putting *Phœbus* to so great a paine.
But freely now, enioy each others sight:
No more *Eurymine* abandon quite
That borrowed name, as *Atlanta*, she is calde,
And here she woman, in her right shape installde.

Ascanio.

Asca. Is then my Loue deriu'de of noble race?
Phœ. No more of that, but mutually imbrace.
Ara. Liues my *Atlanta*, whom the rough seas waue
I thought had brought vnto a timelesse graue?
Phœ. Looke not so straunge, it is thy fathers voyce.
And this thy Loue: *Atlanta* now reioyce.
Eu. As in another world of greater blis
My daunted spirits doo stand amazde at this.
So great a tyde of comfort ouerflowes,
As what to say, my faltering tongue scarse knowes:
But only this, vnperfect though it bee,
*I*mmortall thankes great *Phœbus* vnto thee.
Phœ. Well Lady, you are retransformed now,
But *I* am sure you did repent your vow.
Eury. Bright Lampe of glory, pardon my rashnesse past.
Phœ. The penance was your owne, though *I* did fast.

Enter Phylander, and Ioculo.

Asca. Behold deare Loue, to make your ioyes abound,
Yonder *Phylander* comes.
Io. Oh sir, well found.
But most especially it glads my minde,
To see my mistresse restorde to kinde.
Phy. My Lord & Madam, to requite your pain,
Telemachus hath sent for you againe.
All former quarrels now are trodden downe,
And he doth smile, that heretofore did frowne.
Asca. Thankes kinde *Phylander*, for thy friendly newes.
Like *Iunos* balme, that our lifes blood renewes.
Phy. But Lady, first ere you your iourney take,
Vouchsafe at my request, one graunt to make.
Eu. Most willingly.
Phœ. The matter is but small.
To weare a braunch of Lawrell in your Caull
For *Phœbus* sake, least else *I* be forgot,
And thinke vpon me, when you see me not.

Eurymine.

Eu. Here while I liue a ſolemne oath I make,
To loue the Lawrell for *Apollos* ſake.
Ge. Our ſuite is daſht we may depart I ſee.
Phœ. Nay *Gemulo* and *Siluio*, contented bee:
This night let me intreate ye you will take,
Such cheare as I and theſe poore Dames can make.
To morrow morne weele bring you on your way.
Sil. Your Godhead ſhall commaund vs all to ſtay,
Phœ. Then Ladies gratulate this happie chaunce,
With ſome delightfull tune and pleaſaunt daunce.
Meane ſpace, vpon his Harpe will *Phœbus* play,
So both of them may boaſt another day
And make report, that when their wedding chaunc'te,
Phœbus gaue muſicke, and the Muſes daunc'te.

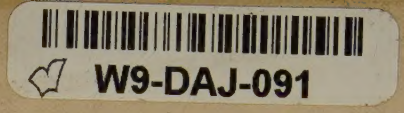
The Song.

Since painfull ſorrowes date hath end,
And time hath coupled friend with friend:
Reioyce we all, reioyce and ſing,
Let all theſe groanes of Phœbus *ring.*
Hope hauing wonne, diſpaire is vaniſht:
Pleaſure reuiues, and care is baniſht.
Then trippe we all this Roundelay,
And ſtill be mindfull of the Bay.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM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